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WE HAVE a larger assortment of job type,
and can do better work than any of-
fice in this vicinity. We only ask a trial. Men-
sions and other who want
CARDS, CIRCULARS, PAMPHLETS,
BLANKS, HANDBILLS, BILL-HEADS,
TICKETS, PROGRAMMES, CATALOGUES,
Will be accommodated in the shortest pos-
sible time moderate terms.



THE DYING YEAR.

There's a wall on the west wind's breath,
A wall for the dying year;
As it rattles the rusted leaves,
From roof, tree and sheltered cave,
And a pall from its plentiful harvest weaves
For the stately bier.

There's a sigh in many a heart,
A sigh for the dying year;
For beauty that passeth away,
For pleasures that quickly decay,
For hopes that are withered too briefly, ere
They have been realized here.

There's a song on the west wind's breath,
A song of gladness and cheer;
As it rattles the rusted leaves,
And a tapestrial blanket it weaves,
To cover the grave for the reaper's sheaves
In a coming year.

May the melody born in the heart,
When sorrow and darkness be near,
Be rich in the promise and hope it brings,
Sweet as the spell that the wild wind flings,
As it sweeps o'er the trembling and quiver-
ing strings
Of the dying year.

Select Narrative.

DOWN HILL.

A PICTURE OF LIFE.

Not long since I had occasion to visit
one of our Courts, and while conversing
with a legal friend, I heard the name of
John Anderson called. "There is a hard
case," remarked my legal friend, "I
looked upon the man in the prisoner's dock.
He was standing up, and he pleaded guilty
to the crime of theft. He was tall man,
but bent and infirm, though not old. His
garb was torn, sparse, and filthy; his face
all bloated and bloodshot; his hair matted
with dirt; and his bent form quivering
with delirium. Certainly I never saw a
more pitiable object. Surely that man
was not born a villain. I moved my place
to obtain a fairer view of his face. He
saw my movement, and turned his head.
He gazed upon me a single instant, and
then covering his face with his hands, he
sank powerless into his seat.

"Good God!" I involuntarily exclaimed
starting forward. "Will—"
I had half spoken his name when he
quickly raised his head, and cast upon me
a look of such imploring agony that my
tongue was tied at once. Then he covered
his face again. I asked my legal com-
panion if the prisoner had a counsel? He
said no. I then told him to do all in his
power for the poor fellow's benefit, and I
would pay him. He promised, and I left.
I could not remain and see the man tried.
Tears came in my eyes as I gazed upon
him, and it was not until I had gained the
street and walked some distance that I
could breathe freely.

John Anderson! Alas, he was ashamed
to be known as his mother's son! That
was not his name; but you shall know him
by no other. I will call him by the name
that now stands upon the records of the
Court.

John Anderson was my school mate;
and it was not many years ago—not over
twenty, that we left our Academy togeth-
er—he to return to the home of wealthy
parents; I to sit down in the dingy sanctum
of a newspaper office for a few years, and
then wander across the ocean. I was gone
some four years, and when I returned, I
found John a married man. His father
was dead, and had left his only son a
princely fortune.

"Ah C—," he said to me, as he
met me at the Railway station, "you shall
see what a bird I have caged." My Ellen
is a perfect lady—a robin, a very princess
of all birds that ever looked beautiful or
sang sweetly!

He was enthusiastic, but not mistaken,
for I found his wife all he said, simply o-
mitting the poetry. She was truly one
of the most beautiful women I ever saw.
And so good, too—so loving and so kind.
As she loved John, that she really loved
all his friends. What a lucky fellow
to find such a wife. And what a lucky
woman to find such a husband, for John
Anderson was as handsome as she. Tall,
straight, manly, high-browed, with chest-
nut curls, and a face as faultlessly beau-
tiful as ever an artist could paint. And
he was good too; and kind, generous and
true.

I spent a week with them, and I was
happy all the time. John's mother lived
with them, a fine old lady as ever lived,
and making herself constant joy and pride
in boasting upon her son, her 'darling boy,'
as she always called him. I gave her an
account of my adventures by sea and land
in foreign climes, and she kissed me when
I left. She said she kissed me because I
loved her darling.

I did not see John again for four years.
I reached his house late in the evening—
He was not at home, but his wife and
mother were there to receive me, and two
curly-headed boys were at play about El-
len's chair. I knew at once, they were
my friends children. Everything seemed
pleasant, until the little ones were in bed
and asleep and happy, and then I could

The Carrolltree Press.

"THE UNION OF THE STATES AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNION."

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Rule or Rule.

This is the programme of the Southern
wing of the Democratic party. Here is a
declaration of Senator Davis' to that effect
made in his recent speech before the Leg-
islature of Mississippi, to which we have
before referred; but which we quote ap-
provingly for the purpose of preserving the re-
cord of the Democratic treason:

"That the clear indications were that
the I lack Republicans would have the
majority in the next Congress, and would
thus control the legislation of the States;
that in his opinion their policy would be
to have such a multiplicity of candidates
for the Presidency as to prevent a choice
by an election by the House, one of their
own men. That if this should be so, or if
they should elect a President by a vote of
the people, the question would be present-
ed, what should the South do? For his
part he had but one answer to give.—
When that happened; when the Govern-
ment was in hostile hands; when the
Presidency and the House of legislation
were controlled by the enemies of the
South, he was for asserting the Independence
of Mississippi; he was for immediate
withdrawal from the Union."

Senator Hammond, in his speech at
Farrwell, S. C. on the 27th of October,
whilst also denying that he was a disunion-
ist, declared that; if the government ever
again adopted the policy of a protective
Tariff, or of Internal Improvement, or of
a National Bank, the South must imme-
diately dissolve the Union.

The fact that such treasonable senti-
ments are uttered by prominent members
of the Democratic party, with scarcely
a word of dissent from its Northern Sub-
servients, is proof that it has already be-
come demoralized beyond the hope of re-
covery.—O. S. Journal.

The Fools of the Amistad Case.

Some twenty years ago a slave ship
landed a cargo of African negroes on the
island of Cuba. They were there sold in
lots "to suit purchasers." A lot was bought
by two Spaniards named Ruiz and Mon-
dex, who subsequently chartered a small
vessel to take them to another part of the
Island. When out of sight of land, the
negroes arose and took possession of the
vessel and demanded to be taken back to
their native home in Africa. They com-
mitted no assault upon their purchasers
further than to demand of them their re-
lease from bondage and their restoration
to home, kindred, and liberty. They
knew nothing of navigation, and the ves-
sel finally found its way into Long Island
Sound; and was formally taken possession
of by the revenue cutter and brought into
New Haven, where the cases were tried,
and the Court decided that they were en-
titled to their freedom, and they were sub-
sequently set at liberty, and the two Span-
iards lost their "property." If we mis-
take not, the late John Quincy Adams
volunteered to be the counsel for the ne-
groes, and went to New Haven and argu-
ed their case. They were declared free by
the District Court of the United States,
from which an appeal was taken to the
full bench of the United States Supreme
Court, where the decision was affirmed.

Afterwards the Spanish Government
claimed from our Government remunera-
tion for the loss which its citizens sus-
tained by the decision of the Connecticut
Court, and the liberation of the Africans.
Our government recognized this claim, and
the Democratic Administration, since that
day have never failed to urge this propo-
sition and outrageous claim, upon the at-
tention of Congress, and recommend its
payment. Several Committees of both
Houses of Congress, made up as they gen-
erally are, of a majority of pro-slavery
men, have reported in favor of this claim
upon various pretexts, but Congress has
never yet dared to vote an appropriation
for it, and we trust never will.—Boston
Atlas.

Save your Doctor Bills and Time.

MR. SAVAGE, MD., July 7, 1856.
Dear Sir:—In consequence of taking
cold after a bad attack of the measles, some
eleven years since, I have from that time
suffered greatly with a disordered liver and
stomach. I have been, at times so bad
that my life was despaired of. I was indu-
ced some time ago, through the persua-
sion of a friend, Mr. Stoffer, to try a bottle
of Woodland's German Bitters, thinking if
it does no good it could do me no harm,
and knowing Mr. Stoffer to be a gentleman
who would not recommend anything to
me, that he did not have confidence in.—
Before I had taken one third of the bottle,
my bowels became regular and I had a
fine appetite. When I had used the two-
thirds of it I considered my health as good
as ever it was, and could eat anything,
without its disagreeing with me in the
least. I now keep a bottle of the Bitters
in the house continually, and in case I
take cold, or I feel unwell, I take one or
two doses, and it makes a change in my
bowels which is all I need, wherefore, for
the past eleven years, my doctor bill has
been from \$10 to \$25 per year, besides lost
time and severe illness. Yours truly,
P. J. THRASHER.

To Dr. C. M. Jackson, Philadelphia, Pa.
Ask for Hoodland's German Bitters.—
Take nothing else, see that the signature
of C. M. Jackson, is on the wrapper of
each bottle. They can be had of drug-
gists and storekeepers in every town and
village in the United States, Canada,
West Indies and South America, at 75
cents per bottle. Principal Office, 418
Arch Street Philadelphia, Pa.

Spargius says that when the law
says that a man can't marry his aunt,
or his wife's mother, it makes an ass
of itself, for when a man marries, now a days,
he marries the whole family.

An editor down east thinks chil-
dren's games are becoming popular with
older persons nowadays, as he has seen re-
cently several fullgrown men chasing
hoops in our streets.

"Keep your dog away from me,"
said a dandy to a butcher's boy.
"Dare the dog, he's always after pup-
pies," replied the boy.

A Cat Story.

A philosophical old gentleman was one
day passing a new school house, erected
somewhere towards the setting sun, bord-
ers of our glorious Union. when his atten-
tion was suddenly attracted to a crowd of
persons gathered around the door. He
inquired of a boy, whom he met, what
was going on.

"Well, nothing," "except the skule commit-
tee, and they're goin' in."
"Oh, committee meets to-day. What
for?"

"Well," continued the boy, "you see
Bill, that's our biggest boy, got used the
other day at the teacher, and so he went
all round and gathered dead cats. Nothin'
but cats, and cats, and cats. Oh, it was
awful, them cats!"

"Pshaw! what have the cats to do with
the school committee?"
"Now, well, you see Bill kept a bringin'
cats and cats; allers pilla' them up yon-
der," pointing to a huge pile as large in
extent as a pyramid, and considerably ar-
omatic; "and he piled them up. Nothin'
but cats, cats!"

"Never mind, my son, what Bill did;
what has the committee met for?"
"Then Bill got sick a haulin' 'em, and
everybody got sick a nosin' 'em, but Bill
got madder and didn't give it up, but kept
pilla' on the cats and—"

"Tell what the committee are holding
a meeting for!"
"Why, the skule committee are goin' to
hold a meetin' to say whether they'll move
the skule house or the cats!"

The old gentleman evaporated immedi-
ately.

"I'll Vote for the Other Man."
The following story is told of a revolu-
tionary soldier who was running for Con-
gress:

It appears that he was opposed by a
much younger man, who had never been
in the wars, and it was the worst of the
"Revolutionary" to tell the people of the
hardships he endured.

Says he—
"Follow citizens—I have fought and bled
for my country—I helped whip the Brit-
ish and the Indians. I have slept upon
the field of battle with no other covering
but the canopy of heaven. I have walked
over frozen ground till every footstep was
marked with blood."

Just about this time one of the "sow-
cuzins" who had become very much af-
fected by his tale of woe, walks up in front
of the speaker, wiping the tears from his
eyes with the extremity of his coat tail,
and interrupting him, says:

"Did you say that you had fought the
British and the Indians?"
"Yes," responded Revolutionary.

"Did you say that you had slept on the
ground, while serving your country, with-
out any cover?"

"Yes, sir, I did."
"Did you say you had followed the en-
emy of your country over frozen ground
till every footstep was marked with blood?"

"Yes," exultingly replied the speaker.
"Well, then," says the "sowcuzin," "I'll
be a sign of a faithful emotion, I'll be
blamed if I don't think you've done
enough for your country, and I'll vote for
the other man!"

An Important Fact.

One of our business men stated to us
yesterday, that he could increase his
business during the past year at least ten
thousand dollars, if he had continued ad-
vertising as he had done formerly. He
had put off preparing his cards and an-
nouncements from time to time, for a more
leisure moment, and at the end of the
year the result of the delay was as above
mentioned. It may be asserted as a posi-
tive fact, that no commercial pursuit can
flourish in this day of newspapers without
regular and liberal advertising. The man
who follows this fundamental rule will re-
alize from five hundred to a thousand per
cent, and often more, on the money paid
for advertising. The trader, mechanic, or
manufacturer will not be able to maintain
a highly successful business if he confines
himself to a select few of "old customers."
He must either rely on the general public,
or make no progress; and he can only
reach that promiscuous body by publishing
of the range and extent of his stock in the
advertising columns of the newspapers
printed where he does business.—Ohio
Statesman.

AN ABOLITION SPY.
The Mobile Register is in a very bad
temper about an 'abolition' spy sent out by
the government. It says:

"SIR, UPRON US.—On Saturday last,
some of our citizens ascertained that a se-
cret agent of the government, sent hither
for the purpose of embarrassing the emi-
gration to Nicaragua, had been for some
days in our midst. As soon as this was
definitely known, preparations were made
to drive the gentleman from the town, but
on inquiry at his hotel it was ascertained
that he had left for Washington about
twelve o'clock in the day. Judge Camp-
bell took his departure on the same day,
about an hour previously, and by a differ-
ent route. The secret agent—the spy—who
was sent to Alabama in order to de-
fect an enterprise for the extension of slavery,
is called Gen. Wilson, and his resi-
dence is that hot-bed of abolitionism—the
State of Ohio.

We like the frankness of the concession
here made that the filibuster enterprise is
an enterprise for the extension of slavery.
It is the truth without circumlocution and
the man who blinds his eyes to it is either
a knave, a dupo or a fool.—Gazette.

Correction does much, but encour-
agement does more; encouragement after
correction, is as the sun after a shower.

An Elopement and its Results.

It may be remembered that some two
months ago, Mr. Wm. H. White eloped
with Miss Amanda Platt, of Hartford,
Conn. Mr. White had a wife and three
children and a prosperous business. Miss
Platt was sixteen years old, and her par-
ents moved in good circles. The first
heard of the missing couple was by a
telegram, D. C., from Senator Dix of
Connecticut, announcing that they were
stopping at Brown's Hotel in that City.
Mr. White for some reason, suddenly left
Washington, and came to New York.
Arriving here three weeks ago, he placed
his victim in a respectable house in the
upper part of this city and then left her.
Discovering that she had been basely de-
serted, the repentant girl wrote to her fa-
ther. He came on and took her home.
On Saturday officer Stephenson saw White
in Broadway and arrested him. He was
given in charge of Sheriff Chamberlain,
of Hartford, who by a requisition upon
Governor King, took him back upon a
charge of abduction and seduction. Mr.
White declared after his arrest that he
would never be placed alive inside the
walls of a prison.—N. Y. Times.

A Jersey License.

In that benighted Territory which has
been accidentally, by some "earthquake,"
thrown up and affixed to the United States,
there used to be a law which required those
committing the awful crime of matrimony
to procure a license and—pay for it.

In one of the villages of the Territory
an eccentric genius, still living and re-
igning, officiated as county clerk. The vil-
lage was quite secluded in the sand plains,
and the "Squire" pastured his cows on the
broad acres around, bringing them home
at night, and letting them go to grass and
sow in the morning. He kept a bell on
one of them to help him in finding them;
but one morning as he was letting them
loose he perceived that the clapper of the
bell was lost. Being unable to find it, he
made a substitute by making fast his office
key. Not till he had reached his office
did it occur to him that he should want
the key, but now finding himself locked
out, he took himself to other matters,
proposing to recover the key at night.—
About noon a rough-and-ready young Jer-
seyman, in full dress, came riding into
town, inquired for the clerk, scared him up
and asked for a marriage license.

"Sorry I can't accommodate you to-day,
but I no go."

"Why not? I'm going to be spliced
to-night, and must have it, whether or no."
"But the fact is," said the clerk, "my
office is locked up, and my cow has gone
away with the key!"

"The cow!—what does the cow want
with the key?"

So the old fellow told the whole story,
and so the two set off for sandy plains to
find the cows and get the key. But the
more they looked the less they found, and
finally had to give it up. A bright thought
struck the clerk of the county.

"I'll fix you out!" said he, and young
Jersey jumped a rod, so tickled was he to
know that he was to be fixed out of the
fix he was in. They proceeded to a store
close by the office, and there the county
scribe dictated the following autograph:

Territory of New Jersey, ss.
To all that may see these, greetings:—
Whereas, I the undersigned, clerk of this
county, having this morning unthought-
fully tied my office key as a clapper into my
cow's bell; and whereas the said cow has
gone astray to parts unknown, bearing with
her the said key, and therefore the said
key is now an invention—that is, can't be
had; and whereas, one Abner Banos has
made application to me for a marriage li-
cense, and the said Abner insists that he
cannot wait until the cow comes home with
the key, but is compelled by the violence
of his feelings and the arrangements al-
ready made to get married: Therefore these
presenta are to command any person legal-
ly authorized to celebrate the rights of
matrimony, to join the said Abner Barnes
to Rebecca Downes, and for doing so, this
shall be your sufficient authority.

Given under my hand and private seal
on the door-step of my office—the seal of
my office being locked up and my cow
having gone off with the key—this fourth
day of October, A. D. 18—

HENRY OSBORN, Clerk.

[Life Illustrated.]

Stupidities.

Walking along the streets with the point
of an umbrella sticking out behind, under
the arm or over the shoulder. By stop-
ping suddenly to speak to a friend, or
other cause, a person walking in the rear
had his brain penetrated through the eye,
in one of our streets, and died in a few days.

Stepping into a church aisle, after dis-
mission, and standing to converse with oth-
ers, or to allow occupants of the pew to
pass out before, for the courtesy of pre-
cedence of a greater boresness to those be-
hind.

To take exercise or walk for the health,
when every step is a drag, and instinct
urges to repose.

To guzzle down glass after glass of cold
water on getting up in the morning, with-
out any feeling of thirst, under the impres-
sion of the health giving nature of its
washing-out qualities.

To sit down to the table and "force"
yourself to eat when there is not only no
appetite, but a positive aversion to food.
To take a glass of soda, or toddy, or
sanguine, or mint-drops, on a summer day,
under the belief that it is safer and better
than a glass of cold water.

To economize time, by robbing yourself
of necessary sleep, on the ground that an
hour saved from sleep is an hour gained
for life, when in reality it is two hours ac-
tually spoiled.—Journal of Health.

Select Miscellany.

A DESPERATE DUEL.

The following extract from a private let-
ter, written by one of the soldiers in the
army of Utah, gives the particulars of one
of the most desperate duels on record.—
The tragedy occurred in Cedar Valley,
during the first week in September.—
Globe.

"The parties to this sanguinary affair
were two gamblers from St. Louis—Ruck-
er and Peel. What gave rise to the diffi-
culty was, that, in the course of a game
for \$1000, Rucker played a secret card,
and was detected by Peel, who took the
money, Rucker forfeiting the pile by the
false play. The ensuing day the parties
met at the settler's store. While there,
some remark by a third party revived the
subject of the game, and the quarrel of
words between Rucker and Peel took a
more serious turn. Peel said that there
was but one way to settle the matter—
they must fight. They adjourned outside
the store, and taking their stations about
ten yards apart, drew their revolvers and
fired. Both fell at the first shot—Ruck-
er shot in the breast and Peel in the
shoulder. One of Peel's fingers was taken
off by the shot. The second shot took ef-
fect in both. Rucker then raised up on
his knee and fired twice, both balls hitting
Peel. The latter, bleeding from six wounds,
struggled up from the ground, and resting
his revolver on his arm, and taking delib-
erate aim shot Rucker to the heart. Peel
is not expected to live; indeed as I write
a rumor prevails that he is dead. Both
of these desperadoes came out from the
States last spring, and had thousands of
dollars of the soldiers money, which they
had won in a 'professional way.' Their
death is not likely to be regretted among
the soldiers.